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Mrs. Lemuel Scraggs (President of the Scraggsville Woman's Suffrage League): NOW REMEMBER, LEM, DON'T GET BASHFUL WHEN YOU ASK FOR THAT DIVIDED SKIRT. IF YOU DO, JUST PRAY TO GOD; *She* WILL GIVE YOU COURAGE.

· LIFE ·

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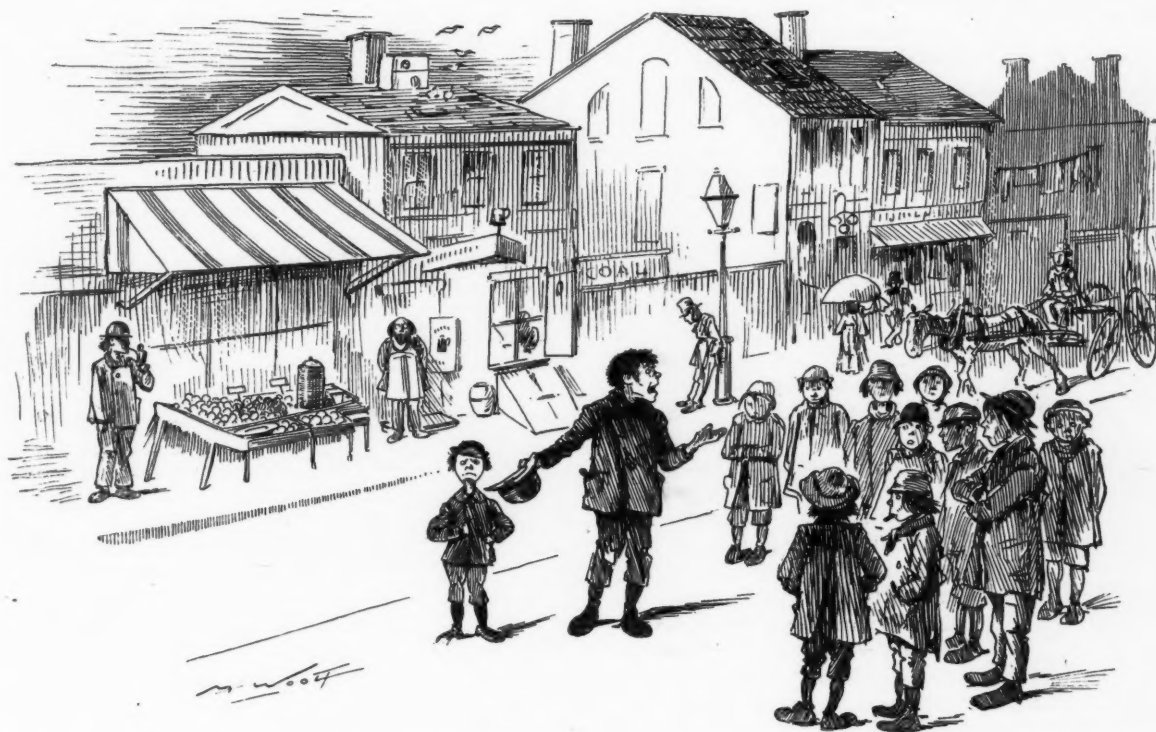
will commence on

Tuesday, Jan'y 2

Their
Annual Sale
of
Linen
Housekeeping
Goods

At prices
in accordance
with the times.

West 23d St.



Brutus Brady: SAY, FELLERS, DIS IS HOGGY LEMONS, WOT YOU'VE ALL HEARD OF. SINCE LIVER SIMMONS DIED WE AIN'T HAD NO ONE FIT TER LEAD DE GANG. HOGGY HAS GOT AWAY WID TWICET AS MANY CHINEEMEN AS ANY BOY IN DE WARD, AN' HE AIN'T NEVER YET BEEN CAUGHT STEALIN' APPLES AN' TATERS FRUM DE GROCERY STORES. BERSIDES, HE HAS GOT A WHOLE CELLAR FULL O' BARRELS FUR BONFIRES. (After a pause) WILL YOU EXCEPT HIM FUR YOUR LEADER?

Populace: YES, YES; LONG LIVE HOGGY!

Brutus: TANKS! WOT HE PROPOSES TO DO NOW TER SHOW HE IS WORDY OF DE CONFERENCE YOU PUT IN HIM, IS TER CLEAN OUT DAT DAGO'S STAN' ACROST DE WAY, AN' HE INTENDS USIN' NOT'IN' BUT HIS TEET' AN' HIS LEF' HAND!

A POEM OF SOCIETY.

BY CARLYLE SMITH.

'T WAS a rather stupid party
That the Dame Von Twiller gave
Last evening, and the atmos—
Phere suggested quite the grave;
And yet it can't be doubted
That 'twas said most everywhere
To be a grand success, because

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Le Grand Cannon,
Mrs. Fred. Neilson,
Mrs. Burke-Roche,
Mrs. Charles F. Havemeyer,
Mrs. Paran Stevens,
Mrs. George L. Rives,
Mrs. Henry Sloane,
Mrs. William D. Sloane,
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Albert Stevens,
Mrs. Duncan Elliot,

Mrs. I. Townsend Burden,
Mr. and Mrs. J. Borden Harriman,
Mrs. Fernando Yznaga,
Mrs. W. Seward Webb,
Mrs. S. V. R. Cruger,
Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt,
Mrs. Henry Clews,
Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt,
Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Jr., and
Mr. Ward McAllister.

Were there.

And I really think it likely
That in future we shall see
A funeral made as pleasant
As a fashionable tea,
If only in some manner—
But just how, I do not know—
We can induce those brilliant folk:

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Le Grand Cannon,
Mrs. Fred. Neilson,
Mrs. Burke-Roche,
Mrs. Charles F. Havemeyer,
Mrs. Paran Stevens,
Mrs. George L. Rives,
Mrs. Henry Sloane,
Mrs. William D. Sloane,
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Albert Stevens,
Mrs. Duncan Elliot,

Mrs. I. Townsend Burden,
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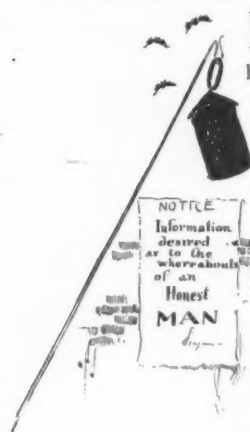
To go.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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BUT for the proposal to levy an income tax it might never have transpired how deep and fervent is the attachment of the average American to the truth. The commonest and most effectual argument against the proposed measure is the conviction in every opponent's mind that it would tempt his neighbors to lie about their resources. No one expresses fear that he would be tempted into untruthfulness himself, but each trembles for his fellow and feels distressfully confident that the loss of the community in veracity would more than offset the government's gain in funds.

LIFE admits that it feels that way about it itself, and has altruism enough to hope that Uncle Samuel will find some less objectionable way of making money.



IF the present state of matters in the Sandwich Islands can be maintained there is a fortune waiting for the first company that lays a cable to Honolulu. Meanwhile the suspense that we have all enjoyed in Hawaiian events has been a great treat. We are used to gulping down our news hot without tasting it, but information from Hawaii has come so slowly that we have had time to catch its bouquet, and hold it in our mouths and deliberate over it before it has gone down. This has been delightful, though some indirect consequences have been unfortunate; as the practice some journals have fallen into of serving editorial minced missionary with their Hawaiian reports.

A CLAUSE in the Wilson Tariff Bill which meets with all but universal approbation is the one that puts works of art on the free list. There never was any sense in levying duties on works of art. The more good pictures and statues come into the country the better. American artists can compete with any artists in the world and the best of them ask no coddling from Uncle Sam. Bad artists compete only with bad artists. If the abolition of the duty on art lets in a good deal of poor stuff no particular harm is done. People will not buy poor foreign pictures merely because they are cheaper than good pictures by Americans. If they are after bargains in cheap pictures they may buy foreign "goods" in preference to the domestic article, but that is not a result that needs to be considered, for the manufacture of cheap, home-made pictures is not an industry that has any title to special legislative encouragement. If it cannot live without protection it is welcome to perish. The good artists do not need protection; the bad ones do not deserve it. Let it go. Wipe out the tariff on works of art, gentlemen, and so further the art education of the country.



THE alms of benevolent persons are respectfully solicited for Harvard College, which admits that its circumstances are too straightened for the support of all its family. Announcement has been made that two of its professors and four instructors will be laid off at the end of the present year. Assurance has been given that there is no politics in these changes, which are reluctantly contemplated solely because of the impossibility of wringing adequate funds from the institution's backers. It is mentioned, to be sure, that Harvard went to the Fair last summer at considerable cost, and is exceptionally straightened just now in consequence. But that indiscretion alone hardly accounts for so considerable a measure of retrenchment. Friends of the institution are invited to contemplate the distress of this venerable University, and testators in particular who have put her down for something in their wills are urged to take no unfair precautions against the natural inclemency of the New England spring. When professors of twenty-five years service have to be tipped out of their chairs for lack of income, the evidence of urgent need is unmistakable. Kind stranger, drop a penny in Harvard's hat. These are hard times, and she feels them very sorely.

NOR is this the only evidence of pecuniary stringency that comes from Cambridge. Trouble is reported from there over those handsome leather football suits in which the Harvard team lost the game with Yale. One of the few consoling thoughts which the Harvard men brought away from Springfield was that, anyway, their team looked very nice in their new leather suits. It seems a pity to haggle about paying for this consolation.



"WHAT MADE YOU THINK I COULD EVER BE ANYTHING TO YOU?"
 "I WAS TOLD THAT YOU WERE ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN."

A NATURAL DEDUCTION.

PROSECUTOR: What reasons can you give for thinking that this lady did not intend to hit her husband when she threw the sugar bowl at him?

WITNESS: Well, she did hit him.

SCIENTIFIC BARBER: It is hard to believe that when examined under a microscope the edge of a razor is seen to have teeth like those of a saw.

WRITHING BUT SARCASTIC CUSTOMER: Is it?

PROVERBS.

TWO proverbs in an ancient book I find,
 And on their inconsistency I ponder.
 The first says—"Out of sight is out of mind,"
 The second—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

I made suggestion to the girl I love—
 "We'll try it, it's the only thing to do;
 Our double evidence will clearly prove
 Which of the two is false and which is true?"

"This summer while you wander by the sea,
 I in the city have my life Elysian,
 I'll neither write to you, nor you to me,
 Till in a month we render our decision."

The weeks crawled by, I grew quite thin and pale,
 My eyes reduced to mere consumptive hollows;
 At length the month was up, and through the mail
 There flew two letters which were writ as follows:

Mine read "Dear love, the test was too severe;
 Though long the time, not once my mind did wander,
 I think we've proved conclusively, my dear,
 That absence makes the heart just ten times fonder."

She wrote "Dear Tom, I think by now you'll find
 Which proverb was the right one after all,
 Of course when out of sight one's out of mind,
 I'm to be married in the early Fall."

Martha M. Schultze.

"YES," said the boy, as his mother took a bigger pull than usual at the whisky bottle, "Mumm's Extra Dry!"



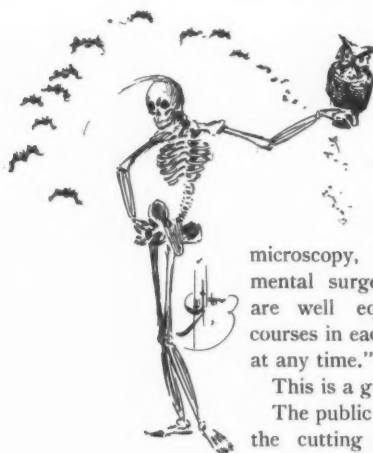
DAISY BELL.

THE COMING AMERICAN.



THE BICYCLE RACE.

FUN AND WISDOM.



IN the published curriculum of the Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital of Chicago, it is announced that its "aim is to instruct as well as to entertain. The laboratories for medical chemistry and toxicology, microscopy, bacteriology, and experimental surgery on the lower animals, are well equipped, and systematic courses in each subject may be arranged at any time."

This is a give away.

The public are pretty well aware that the cutting up of live animals is generally done simply for amusement, but it is rare that we get it officially, as in this case. We infer from the above that at this institution they not only "entertain" by vivisection but also instruct, thus going a step further than other colleges. This will be good news for the hundreds of intelligent dogs and horses that are tortured out of existence within the walls of this temple of mirth.

But the most melancholy feature of the whole business is the knowledge the instructors seem to have of the inclinations of their pupils. The possibility of their shrinking from these entertainments is not considered. They evidently are well aware that they can soon convince the youths that nothing is more entertaining than the quivering nerves of living beings.

THE WORST KIND OF LUCK.

WIFE: I am afraid that gas stove in the kitchen will be a source of great expense to us.

HUSBAND: Why, we never use it.

WIFE: No. But to-day when the gas collector called he saw it.

TO A ROASTED CHICKEN.

THE veriest of cowards
Thou wast, I do surmise,
If what the bard hath written
Be true contrariwise.
"The bravest are the tenderest,"
Declares the poet's stave,
And if his words be truthful,
I'll swear thou wast not brave.

Frank Roe Batchelder.

SCHWAAB.

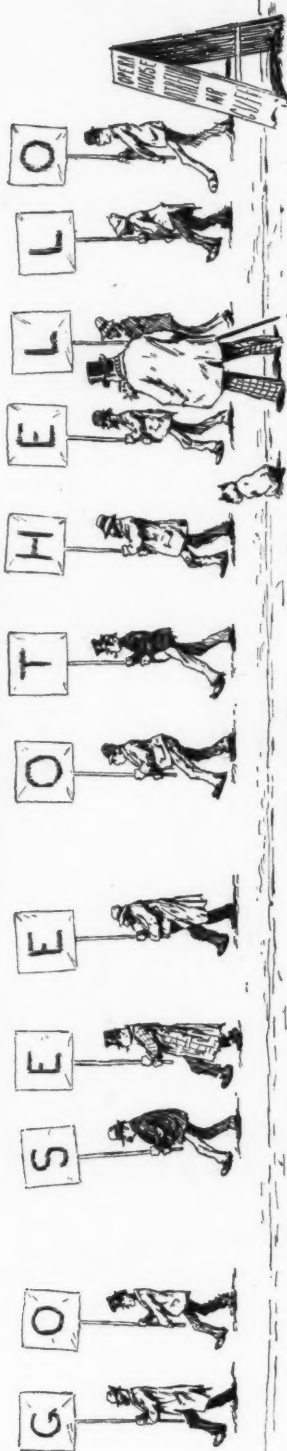
IT was an awfully wet day. I and a cousin of mine, Al Carmfax, of Barbour, Virginia, though practising law in New York, found ourselves at Squire Pennington's tavern on the Sassafras River, east shore of Maryland. By dinner time (and a capital dinner the Squire gave us) the bar-room was full, though it would have been fuller, perhaps, if they hadn't "local option."

Well, after dinner we all fell to talking. You know how sociable they get south of Mason's and Dixon's line, who go

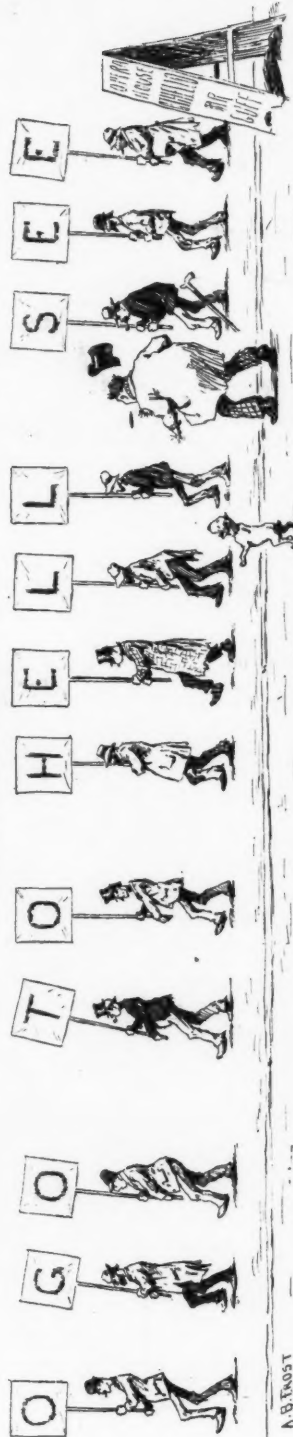


duck shooting. One thing led to another, till we began guessing where the others "hailed from." I confess it made me mad when a big countryman from across the line in Cecil

THE MANAGER'S GREAT SCHEME.



THIS IS THE WAY THEY WENT OFF.



AND THIS IS THE WAY THEY CAME BACK.

County, reckoned I was "from out West somewhar," but the fun came in when a smooth-shaven, round-faced, big paunched chap, called "Schwaab" by our host, spoke up.

"Now vare you dink I vas from, eh? Vat goundrymans vould you dink I was?"

Dead silence; the audacity of Herr Schwaab was quite appalling. But a wink from Pennington gave Al the cue.

"You're from Boston."

Schwaab grinned.

"Noa, note zo bod os dat."

Another guessed South Carolina, another California, and my friend from Cecil County ventured the opinion that he was "a Spaniard."

"Now you vas a volin," said Schwaab, "I zee dot in your eye. Vell, you giff it up, eh? I dought you vould. I z'lect, vun dime or annudder I vool more as a hundert beebles. I bees a Cherman. Haw, haw, haw."

H. G.

WILLING TO WAIT.

HUSBAND: Did you see me kiss my hand to you this morning after I had left the house?

WIFE: Why, John, I wasn't near the window then.

HUSBAND: I wonder who it was?

WIFE: I don't know, but the servant girl told me this morning she guessed she would try it another week.

A RANK PARTISAN.

"THAT fellow over there seems to be very much prejudiced in favor of Grover Cleveland?"

"You know the reason, don't you?"

"No. Why?"

"He reads the editorial page of the New York Sun."

NOT A SPECIALIST.

"WAS it a specialist you went to to have your lungs examined?"

"I don't think so. He couldn't find anything wrong with them."

HE: You've been spending the winter in Philadelphia. Ah, do tell me about it. I am anxious to hear how you enjoyed the experience.

SHE: Oh, indeed; I did not know you were especially fond of genealogy.



PUZZLE.

FIND THE WEALTHY YOUNG MAN WHO IS



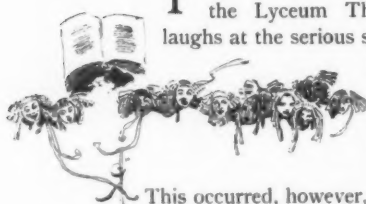
John C. Green

PUZZLE.

YOUNG MAN WHO IS GIVING THE DINNER.



"OUR COUNTRY COUSINS."



IT isn't often that at a first production at the Lyceum Theatre the audience laughs at the serious situations in the play and remains religiously silent during speeches which are unmistakably meant to arouse mirth.

This occurred, however, at the first performance of Mr. Paul Potter's "Our Country Cousins." When Mr. Herbert Kelcey, at a thrilling moment, gently touched Mr. Ratcliffe, as one would say, "Ah, theah, Gawge, I have struck you," and then in impassioned tones orders him to go and tell his friends that he has given him a whipping, the contrast between words and action makes the audience indulge in a pronounced and audible giggle. Even when that estimable actress, Miss Georgia Cayvan, gave utterance to the saddest kind of speeches, in a voice sopping wet with tears, her hearers were moved more to laughter than in the direction of the emotion she intended to convey.

The cause of this unusual conduct on the part of a Lyceum audience is difficult to determine. It may be that the fixed and constant methods of Mr. Kelcey and Miss Cayvan are beginning to pall on the public, or the fault may have been in the lines and situations devised by Mr. Potter. Perhaps both causes were at work, for even Mr. Lemoyne



"GREAT SCOTT, ORLANDO, WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU?"
 "WELL, YOU SEE, I MET SOME LITTLE DEFENDERS, AND THEY NEARLY KNOCKED THE LIFE OUT OF ME."



"I SEE THAT I AM NOT THE ONLY ONE—HIC—WHO HAS TAKEN A LITTLE TOO MUCH TO-NIGHT."

and Mr. Fitz Williams found it difficult to do effective work with the material entrusted to them.

"Our Country Cousins" certainly lacks some element which has made successes of the long list of plays first produced at the Lyceum. It starts with a main motive so improbable that nothing but farce-comedy treatment could justify its use. In fact we think that if the tragic element were cut out and a few clever specialists introduced "Our Country Cousins" would make a very good farce-comedy indeed. This is equivalent to stating the evident truth that it is not at all fitted for the Lyceum stage or suited to the Lyceum company. This notwithstanding that the piece is set with all the care and elaborateness usual at this theatre.

Its company contains some clever artists, and the unsuitability of Mr. Potter's play is further demonstrated by the

A DAILY NEWSPAPER OCCURRENCE.



THE REASON WHY THE CRITICISM WAS REVERSED.

IN THE HOTEL CORRIDOR.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

fact that not one member of it, with the exception of Mrs. Walcot, appears to advantage. To her is entrusted the part of *Mme. Estelle*, a woman of fashion who has improved her position in life by becoming a fashionable dressmaker.

It does not seem likely that "Our Country Cousins" will have a very extended run at the Lyceum. *Metcalf.*

NOT HIDING THEIR LIGHT.

ON every program at the Metropolitan Opera House is printed a list of the boxholders, together with the numbers of their boxes. That is all very well as far as it goes, but it doesn't happen to go quite far enough for the ladies and gentlemen who occupy these boxes. They adopted the happy idea, a few years ago, of publishing alongside this list a little diagram showing the location of each box.

This was, indeed, a kindly act, for now the public can know at once upon which celebrity they are gazing. As a genteel scheme for personal advertising this has never been surpassed. It may be vulgar, but it accomplishes the object.

The next step, and the natural one, will be to have their photographs for sale by the ushers.

TOO MUCH.

PRISONER: Ten dollars for stealing a pair of shoes?

JUDGE: That's what I said.

"Why, Judge, they didn't fit."

DR. JOHNSON characterized vivisectors as "a race of wretches, who, with knives, poisons, and many other devilish contrivances of torture, pretend to get knowledge, though at the expense of their own humanity."

A SECRET SORROW.

I WATCH her stand in the open doorway,
It is only just now that we said good night,
Yet somehow here in the shadows I linger
And gaze at her there in the soft lamp light.

Is she thinking how, at the ball just over,
She reigned a queen in her beauty rare;
And how in the dim conservatory
I pinned that rose in her fluffy hair?

No, a deep'ning shadow has come in her eyes,
Some sudden sadness is clouding her brow.
Can I be the one who has brought this sorrow?
She is picking my rose to pieces now!

I know that just as I told her good night
I touched her lips—but a lover's trick.
Can that be the trouble? Listen, she's speaking—
"I believe that salad has made me sick!"

Thomas Longstreet Wood.



"WHILE WALKING THROUGH THE SUBURBS YESTERDAY WILLIE DOO WAS 'HELD UP' BY A FOOTPAD AND RELIEVED OF HIS VALUABLES."



NO USE FOR SLANG.

"YOU MUST HAVE BEEN PRETTY FULL, TO FALL OVERBOARD HERE."
 "INDADE OI WAS NOT! BUT OI'M PRETTY FULL NOW, BEGORRA!"

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT.

A NOVEL CONDENSED FOR THE WIRES.

I.

PARENTS moderate circumstances. Brooklyn. Rent \$600. Two weeks Asbury Park in summer. Father (popper) good situation New York wholesale dry goods. Mother (mommer) originally New Jersey. Good at preserves and light biscuit. Front teeth porcelain.

Doctor old friend of family. Sympathetic. Bills moderate. Monthly nurse overtrained. Wearing cap and fancy apron. Talking hygiene and innocuous professional gossip.

Liebig weighed 10 lbs. Nurse said 9 lbs. 4 oz. net.

II.

Public school. Regular annual promotion. Mommer said wonderfully smart. Principal questioned said "good's th' average." Got a situation at 15 years. - \$5 per week. Errands and press-copying. Occasional cheap theatre. Sunday school in best suit. Too small following winter but used for every day at store. Tried cigarettes and narrative of "Comanche Slayer." Caught by boss. Bounced.

III.

Another situation. Bank. \$8 per week. Carrying notices and entering figures. Easy hours. Better clothes. Theatres. No Sunday school. Cigars. Occasional beer or rye. Pretty girl on ferry boat. New plug hat. Smiles. Confusion. Handkerchief action. Bow. Acquaintance. Call. Girl sweet. Old man prosy.

IV.

Assistant teller. \$1,200. Engaged to ferry boat girl. Moustache. Dandy scarf pins. Old man prosier. Girl sweeter. Home tame. Church sociables. Dress suit. \$29. Dancing sociables. Militia company. Nice fellows. Hot whiskies.

V.

Broker's partner. Income fluctuating \$3,000. Marriage. Evening function. Big church full. Flowers. Ushers.



The Hyena: SAY; PEOPLE OUGHT TO LOOK ON YOU AS A BULLY FELLOW.

The Lion: WELL, WHAT IS IT?

The Hyena: BECAUSE YOU'RE ALL WOOL AND A YARD WIDE.



A COLD CORNER.

"ARTHUR IS WRAPPED UP IN THAT BOSTON GIRL."
"IS HE? I HOPE HE HAS HIS OVERCOAT ON."

Name in paper. Flat in New York. Occasional opera. Birdie has solitaires and sealskin sacque. Club. Whist. Won't go home till morning. Birdie in tears and old wrapper.

VI.

Big business. Long of everything. Market booming. Champagne cocktails. Coupé. Tailor bills and Fifth Avenue confections. Wish could speak French. Bar Harbor. Hambletonian mares. Small house off the avenue.

VII.

Market smashed. Banks timid. Calls for margins. Sent regrets to Stock Exchange. Room traders good fellows. Tradesmen bitter creditors. No bowels. Auction. Situation in insurance office. \$1,200. Coat shiny. Plain gin. 75 cents quart.

VIII.

House in Gowanus. Old friends near-sighted. Birdie

weighs 210. Four girls. Beard grizzling. Turkey in paper bag Thanksgiving. Hard lines. Used to be high flyer. Pipe better than cigars, anyhow. Damp towel on plug Sundays. Eldest girl engaged to corner grocer's boy. Boy says old man prosy. Curtain.

INNOCENT SARCASM.

LITTLE WILLIE: I wish I was you, Mr. Selfmade.
MR. SELFMADE (*who has come to dinner*): And why, Willie?

WILLIE: 'Cause you don't get your ears pulled for eating with your knife.

WELL DISGUISED.

SHE: Leander Chumpleigh doesn't look like an actor, does he?

HE: No; and he doesn't act like one either.



AN old cobbler in the Quartier Latin, who was largely patronized by the students, once boasted that nothing was capable of frightening him. Two young men once determined to put his courage to the test. One of them pretended to be dead, while the other went to the cobbler and asked him to sit up all night with the corpse. The old man, who had some pressing work in hand which had to be delivered next morning, took his leather and his tools with him, sat down near the supposed dead body, and set about his task. At midnight they brought him a cup of *café noir*, to keep him awake, which he gratefully partook of, and then immediately resumed his work. The coffee, however, put him into such a happy frame of mind, that entirely forgetting the presence of the corpse, he struck up a lively song, beating time all the while with his hammer on the lapstone. Suddenly the imaginary corpse raised itself into a sitting posture and exclaimed, in a hollow voice:

"People ought not to sing when keeping watch over a death-bed!"
The cobbler shook his head, gave the young man a smart rap, and said:
"People shouldn't talk when they are dead!"—*L'Independant Rémois*.

AMONG his friends the Saunterer remembers one, who some years ago labored in the employ of the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company. Her work was to attend to the correspondence of the Company, and in pursuing this task it was necessary again and again to sign the well known signature of her who, to her many correspondents, is "yours for health." To be sure the original owner of the signature was dead, but—

It was after a particularly hard day's writing that the Saunterer's friend came home and went to bed tired almost literally to death. But she did not forget her evening prayer, and she finished it before she realized what she was saying, as she had finished everything else that day:

For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory for ever and ever. Amen.
Yours for health, Lydia E. Pinkham.—*Boston Budget*.

THEY were talking about the phenomena of the mind. The tall man remarked how curious it was that a man could not do one thing and think of another. The short man said that he had read of people who could write two words at the same time, and the thin man added that a great many people could do one thing and think of another. But the tall man answered that these things were all special cases and exceptions, and reiterated the statement that it was curious, etc., etc. Just then the quiet young woman in the corner suggested that she didn't consider it curious at all.

"You can't do it," said the tall man.

"Oh, yes," said the quiet young woman; "when I was a little girl I used to be able to say the Lord's Prayer and think of anything else in the world."—*Boston Budget*.

THE story is told of a parent who had become a recent convert to hypnotism. His small son, who had heard him discussing the subject, asked what hypnotism was. He did not answer, but with the imperative manner of a professional mesmerist, said: "Now, Jimmie, do you hear? That is not a clock, but a dicky-bird, chip, chip!" Jimmie turned and fled precipitately, crying: "Mamma! Mamma! Papa's got the jim-jams!"—*Argonaut*.

ROBERT SMITH (brother of Sydney, and familiarly called Bobus), was a lawyer and an ex-advocate general, and happened on one occasion to be engaged in an argument with a physician touching the merits of their respective professions.

"You must admit," urged Dr. —, "your profession does not make angels of men."

"No," was the retort; "there you have the best of it; yours certainly gives them the first chance."—*Sala's Journal*.

It was resolved that each of the allied powers should designate a commissioner charged with the surveillance of Napoleon at St. Helena. Tallyrand proposed to the king for this office M. de Montchenu, described as "an insupportable babbler, a complete nonentity." On being asked why he had selected this man, Tallyrand replied: "It is the only revenge which I wish to take for his treatment of me; however, it is terrible. What a punishment for a man of Bonaparte's stamp to be obliged to live with an ignorant and pedantic chatterer! I know him; he will not be able to support this annoyance; it will make him ill, and he will die of it by slow degrees."—*Argonaut*.

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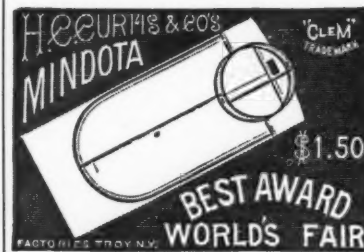
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